## THINGS AT THE TREATRES.

A play that makes an entire audience laugh, the people in parquet and gallery alike, is worth about a hundred thousand dollars to its American owner. The merriment must be well nigh incessant throughout the performwell nigh incessant throughout the performance, however, and irresistible even to the most habitually serious. Nobody must go sway and say, "I didn't think it was funny," or "I am ashamed for having laughed at it." Such a piece was "The Private Secretary." signally transferred without leave from the German, and for the exclusive use of which in this country A. M. Palmer fought William Gil-It is not likely that the profits arising from that farce in this country were less than the sum mentioned. Another example was "Jane." from which the incomes of Charles Frohman and Al Hayman may have ready reached the same figures, or rely will before they are done with A third and new case is that of "Charley's Aunt." a play of much the same class and amusing value, but exceeding either of them greatly in prosperity at the outset, The Standard had been so long the nome of fallure that stage folks, ever given to foolish ideas of luck, began to regard the house as heasted by the genius of ill fortune. "Charler's Aunt" was brought from London and placed there. THE SUN hardly ever notices the size of audiences. They may be semposed partly of non-paying persons, and, neway, the popularity of a play does not dways indicate merit. Crowds sometimes pass by meritorious things in going to meretriclous shows. But, to illustrate the commercial worth of a piece that makes all sorts of folks laigh, the fact may be put in evidence that the Standard has been full at every repetition of "Charley's Aunt." often to overflowing, so that the Fire Department several times stopped the sale of standing-room tickets. The musicians have been removed to the stage, and their places devoted to seats for auditors. Probably the London vogue of this faree, and the presence in its cast of two comedians with a broad English accent, have furthered it in the favor of our most modish people, whose carriages make lone lines around the theatre; but fashion does not prevail over the other elements in the assemblages, and the galleries are as well packed as the boxes. Envious playrights may say that Brandon Thomas did so great thing when he took the subject of Charley's Aunt" from the German and wrote is into an English farce. Jealous managers may say that the production, though excellent, is no finer than many a one that has failed. Nobody may be able to point out except the causes of all the laughter, but they are there, and whoever can make a play of equal success in fun will have a property worth a hunded thousand do lars in earnest. the sale of standing-room tickets. The musi-

Several good reasons for the remarkable as, both in London and in New York, of "Charley's Aunt" are plain to see, and not the least is the fact that it is a sort of play that women like. Lucky indeed is the actor, dramatist or manager who pleases the sex which it is customary in this chivalrous age to mention as the gentler and the fairer. The hamo of "Charley's Aunt" is so obvious that it cannot escape the attention of even the most womanly person in the audience. There are some jokes which women do not laugh at, not because they intend to be impolite, but simply because they intend to be impolite, but simply because they intend to be impolite, but simply because they do not see them in time; but when a man puts on woman's clothes with a pair of trousers beneath his skirts; and in this guise masquerades as a wealthy South American widow, there can be no doubt of the fact that he is funny, and every woman in the house and most of the men pay the tribute of uproarious laughter. It is a deserved tribute, too, for the part of the Brazilian aunt is well played by Etienne Giradet, the young English actor who was brought to this country for that express purpose. But it is not altogether on account of the broadness of its humor that women like "Charley's Aunt." There are other things in it well calculated to command feminine sympathy. In the first place, the play deals with three young bachelors, as all men should be if they desire to be interesting. They are in love, which proves their good sense, and the tenants of attractive chambers in an old English university. Women like nothing better than to visit a circumspect way the bachelor quarters of their friends, and this play shows a charming interior, with photographs on the walls and bottles in the sideboard, for all the world like these interiors with which modern English

longer. Daly's players are not to return until spring, and Daly's theatre is now devoted to the agreeable conjunction of Sol Smith Russell and "Feaceful Valley." Palmer's rarty is kept set of his theatre by the prolonged prosperity of burlesque there, in the form of "1492." But the two Frohman stock organizations are releasting the plays with which they are to soon legis their winter seasons in New York. In each case the play in preparation is essentially interioran, though the sources are foreign. The Younger Son," dated for Oct. 24 at the Empire, has for its basis a Berlin success of set year. The theme is a mother's love for two sons, one worthy of her affection and the other not. David Belasco may be depended as to have much more than adapted the original work, so that it will be a thoroughly New Jurk drama in scenes and characters, and contain a large proportion of Mr. Belasco's own matter. Parts in it are deemed suitable to Joha Alien. Henry Allen, Cyril Roctt, William H. Thompson, Odette Tyler, Edna Walses, and other members of the company. Mrs. Bowers and William Faverstham are in lacast, too. In the mean time, that pure and pleasing comedy, "Liberty Hail." is in lacast to be spinning about the holiday time, and will also remain in the repertory of the stock company. Performed with admiral taste and will also remain in the repertory of the stock company. Performed with admiral taste and will also remain in the repertory of the stock company. Performed with admiral taste and will, it has served to sustain the Empire in sood esteem. With a Belasco pisy to ensue, and the works of other appropoid dramities, beginning about the holiday time, and the laguedier and his companions remain high a remunerative layor at the Lyceum, rehearsts of a piece with which to start the solutions of "Sheridas" by E. H. Sohern and his company will not be also and the service of an American pitch, and the salventures of an American pitch in the social adventures of an American pitch in the social adventures of an American intea

Maurice Barrymore says he will retire from the stage for good and all on Dec. 1. Eleanor Carey in "The Corncracker," and Ellio Wilton in Charley's Aunt," are actresses restored to us ther long absence. When last seen they were sleying youthful herolnes, and now both are is the guise of matrons, with a simulation of more age than they really possess. But they are handsome, even under disadvantage, daggie Cline says she has inherited \$2,00,000, and the says are new wives, and neither husband san actor, stuart lobson, E. S. Willsrd, and lichard Mansfeld are to deal with Shakesbeare this season. One of the wonders of twenty years ago was the fortune made by 1. Williamson in "Struck Oil." It was the went to Australia with his money, and southers is forgotten by most Americans, for he was not particularly impressive as an actor. He is recalled by the fact that the ray is obsput into use again. Prior to his good luck he was a minor member of the Wallack Company, and so was Oliver Byron, who departed from the elegances of Wallackian employment to est rich by giving "Across the Continent" to est rich by giving "Across the Continent" to be sauditude. Fanny Davenport is writing a book by prexy. Fugene Field gave a supper singing bailads designification in Chicago. Sims Reeves is alleny living in Chicago. Sims Reeves is alleny fiving a challenge of dramatic weekly is to have C. H. Stitter for the mailed and will and J. Headerson for music. Max Freeman contempares as achool for somic opera performers. a the guise of matrons, with a simulation of devote herself

teaching. J. W. Shannon has opened a school in Brocklyn. It will not do to scoff at school-made players. Grace Kimball, the excellent leading actrees in the supplementary season at the Lycoum, is a graduate of Franklin H. Sargeant's academy. The mannish Miss Johnstone Bennett is in Paris, and it is expected that after a year of dramatic training in that city, she will return with her accomplishments so manifolded as to enable her to succeed in a musical play. Laura behirmer. Mapleson and Lilly Post, alternate sopranos in the Whitney Opera Company, have quarrelled because Miss Post outdressed the other singer in the same role. Lillian Lewis's latest publicity comes of what was said to be an attempt at suicide. There was a pistolshot in her room, but no wound was exhibited. No actress has lost her diamonds lately, but Katle Emmett was almost bitten by a tarantula hidden in a Sait Lake bunch of "ananas, and Florric Wett narrowly escaped death by the accidental deseent of a Boston hotel elevator. Adelina Patti, who will arrive about Nov. I to begin her concerts at Music Hall, sends before her the usual accounts of life and luxuries at her castle in Wales. Hattle Harvey, who figured two years ago as a favored guest of Patti, is in the cast of "Charley's Aunt" at the Standard. Carolyne McLean, a niece of Collector Kilbreth and cousin of Eugene Oudin, is to go on the operatic stage. A sister of Burr Melntosh, whose stalwart blacksmith is a feature in "In Mizzoura" at the Filth Avenue, is the prima donna in the new Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Helena Modjaska's chief production for this season is "The Merchant of Venece," and who can doubt the fineness of her Jorita? Joseph Jefferson, restored to health and now President of the Players' Club, goes forth on still another tour with "Bip Van Winkle." Clara Morris, whom we see no more in New York, is travelling with a repertory of plays long ago made known by her genius. Adelaide Cushman and a relative of the great Charles Cushman and a relative of the great Charles Cushman

to say of recent successes by American play-wrights at his recent professional matines of "In Mizzoura." No actor more than he has encouraged such results by the purchase and encouraged such results by the purchase and effective use of native works. Waiter Besant has tried his hand at a play, and it will be acted at the Independent Theatre, which is London's theatre of experiments in dramatic art. It seems hardly possible that Tennyson's "Foresters," with music by Arthur Suilivan, should fail to excite interest in England, yet such is the fact. Paul M. Potter is writing a play for the opening of the Lyosum's winter season a year hence. Ibsen and Maeterlink will be represented in the series of pieces played by the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, with David Belasce to stage manage them. Hawthorne's "The Scarlet Letter" is to be set to music by Waiter Damrosch for an opera. Victorien Sardou is understood to be at work on the drama whose heroine is to be Sara Bernhardt in French and Fanny Davesport in English. His latest completed piece, a comedy called "Sand-Gene," will be produced in Paris this week. Henry St. Maur. an adapter of foreign plays, but not known as an original author, declares that he wrote "The Colonel," which was produced as the work of Oscar Sisson. Mrs. Burton N. Harrison's first comedy to be performed professionally, and entitled "Evergreen," is ridiculed by the Chicago crittes. Horaces Townsend, who wrote "Mavourneen." is living in London. E. Jakobowski, composer of the "Erminie" music, sailed for home vesterday. We shall soon have at the Fifth Avenue, in James Herne's "Shore Acres," a piece of dramatic naturalism which Boston has approved. Col. T. Allston Brown, whose long work as a historian of the American stage has been a labor of love, has brought it to a completion. It will soon be published in two large volumes for subscribers, to whom its enormous fund of carefully gathered information will be very valuable. Charles Leonard Fletcher will essay lieus Hummell in the old play by Blanchard Jerrold on Tuesday afternoon at the Fifth Avenue, The Academy of Music is to be reopened on Oct. 23 with "In Old Kentucky." The date set for "Olaf," at Nibl effective use of native works. Walter Besant

Richard Mausfield, Edward H. Sothern, N. C. Goodwin, and the Kendals are before our public, but THE SUN has already described ant!" There are other things in it well calesied to command feminine sympathy. In the first place, the play deals with three young backelors, as all men should be if they desire to be interesting. They are in love, which prove their good sense, and the tenants of attackive chambers in an old English university. Momen like nothing better than to visit in a dream special state of the strength of the provention of the provided like the provided in the provided like the provided in the provided like the provided like the provided like in the sideboard, for all the world like hose interiors with which modern English provides have made us familiar. Then there is the "aristocratic" air which pervades the whole comedy, and tends to enchain every female heart. We have had ere this many a comedy of English life in which dukes and safe sairs were portrayed sither as solenn son awaid patterns of dignity and edge will patterns of dignity and edge will patterns of dignity and solength of the production are in harmony with the house. He is to asy four weeks considerable propole, and at the sametime lost no favor with the multitude by his quiet, correct, and tasteful acting in in the provided like then, what a wonderful thing it is to hear as "Baba," instead of giving him his name and tills. Lord Babberis! Not even Ouida has put us on such delightful terms of intimacy with the "upper classes" of Great Britain as Brandon Thomas does when he introduces us to the shareters in "Charley's Aunt."

As to our stock theatres, the companies belonging to two of them are making ready to embody the prolonged prosperity is on the delightful terms of intimacy with the "upper classes" of Great Britain as Brandon Thomas does when he introduces us to the shared to world like the copy of the proling and manners, and the same home and perform new dramas, while lenger. Daily's players are not to return until spring, and Daily's theatre is now devoted to the spread of conjunction of Sol Smith Russell and "Psaceful volume to the surface of the surfa amusement and private profit. Mr. Manafield

Keith and Proctor, providers of "continuous entertainments," each at his own theatre, are employing a large number of efficient specialemploying a large number of efficient specialists. "The Chimes of Normandy" is the operain the bill at the Union Square, with Milton Aborn as the Gaspard. Clara Thropp as the Serpolette, and Sadie Cushman as the Germains. The variety show on this stage commands the services of the Martine brothers, acrobats: Barry and Barnon, eccentric Irish comedians: the Ventinis, comic hat spinners; McBride and Goodrich, singers and dancers; J. W. Hampton and his troupe of trained dozg; Carmenilla and Luclia. musicians; Hughes and Barron, dialegue humerists, and a dozen others. Women and children abound at the Union Square. So they do at Proctor's, where the surroundings are similarly comfortable and respectable. The Proctor programme includes among other things, the acro-catic feats of the three Nellson sisters, who are from Mexico, and who duplicate many of the accomplishments of the best male athletes and tumblers. Another strong arons feature bere is the exhibition of strength and agility by the three Judges, who are well known already. John C. Rice and Sally Cohen give a sketch, Horace Russell appears as a female impersonator, and among the performers are, also, Frank Menish, Adele Stuart, J. E. Bartine, Laura Bennett, Andy Collum, John Harty, Dick Leggett, Kitty Chamberlain, Robert Walton, Morton, Ravelle, Clayton, Jenkins, and the little Booths, To-morrow F.F. Proctor, mannager of this house, will celebrate the tenth anniversary of his establishment of the first "popular-price" theatre, That was in Albany, Now he controls five such theatres in as many cities. "The opposition to the cut-rate system" he said yesterday to a Sux reporter, "was at first very bitter, and it was necessary to either hire outright or guarantee every mannager and star that visited the Albany house. The success of the first venture caused me to take others, and lexiched my business until the circuit enclosed a fine, large theatre, will amsburgh, Brooklyn, Syracuse, liochester, Amsterdam, Boston, Lynn, Hartford, New Haven, Bridgeport, Lancaster, ists. "The Chimes of Normandy" is the opera in the bill at the Union Square, with Milton

Plays in which the sights are quite as important as the counds are with us in an impressive variety. Nothing more excitingly genuine than the steeplechase in "The Prodi-gal Daughter," at the American, has ever been gal Daughter," at the American, has ever been shown on the New York stage. The 150th performance of this remarkable drama of the turf will be given on Tuesday, and there will be accused to the souvenirs to celebrate the occasion. A quite different dispiasy is that made in "1492" at Palmer's, where a 100th representation will be observed with mementoes to-morrow evening. Here the scenes belong to modern buriesque in a form that appeals most effectually to a considerable portion of the public. New costumes will lie worth by Thereas Vaughs. Bichard Harlew, Mabel Clark, and others. A travesty of a little tierman band will be introduced by Mr. Jones and his fellow comedians. The footlights have been lowered, so that these who sit in the front rows can see the feet of the players, and that is no doubt an advantage at a buriesque. Down at Niblo's

one of the exhibits in the ornate and spectacular. A Trip to Mare is a mystery. It consists, apparently, of a flight through the air by the trunkless, heads of the characters. The German dwarfs remain in high favor. These little comedians are really clever, some of the miniature actresses sing well, and the entartianment is unique. It will be continued three weeks longer. The reproduction of "Erminicat the Broadway may be properly classed as a spectacle, in view of its handsome outfit of scenery and costumes. Mr. Wilson has not turned the opera in the least toward monologue, though his own individuality is what makes the success of the venture. The looks of the company in their Directory clothes are a welcome change from the too often meaning less raiment in comic opera, and the concessions to decemer are also to be commended.

There is no denying that we now have a sumptuous music hall. When the Manhattan Opera House was first opened, visitors were surprised, in view of the great size of the house, to find that the rows of chairs were too close together. The seats were handsomely upholstered and of as comfortable a pattern as ever got inside a theatre, but so crowded that the possessor of long legs endured much discomfort. With the advent of the Kosterthat the possessor of long legs endured much discomfort. With the advent of the Koster-Bial-Hammerstels management a great improvement was made in this respect by removing one row of seats in about every four. This was for business, as it permitted attaching to the backs of the remaining chairs racks for beer glasses and tiny china receptacles for cigar ashes and matches, and left room for a waiter to enter a row while its eccupants remained seated. Variety shows with the accompaniment of smoke and beverages never in New York had such fine surroundings in several other particulars. In respect to the elegance of the theatre itself, and the roominess of its stage, the size of the orchestra, and the number and sitistic excellence of most of the drops used as background for the different "turns," this entertainment is far ahead of the usual thing of the sort. The variety show occupies the time till after 10 o'clock and with the shortest possible waits. Almost as much is thus crowded into the two hours as is ordinarily given in an entire evening. Its quality is first rate. An English serio-comic, a trio of German vocalists, a soloist who accomplishes one song each in English, French, and Spanish, and a London beauty and songstress are the women who hold over till this week, and with them are a Mexican family, two women and a man, who are trapeze performers, and a man and woman who give a novel musical performance, accompanied by much laugnable grotesqueness on the part of the man. The newcomers on Monday are Ada Reeve, a London character vocalist, and Mr. and Mrs. Del-Mely, Parisian vocalists, and graceful baliets of "Versailles" are still gone through to fursi's tuneful strains, but Oscar Hammersteln's young and unperformed, but already famous opera, "The Kohi-nor," is promised for the near future. A straight-out variety show is given at the other music hall, the Imperial, where the names of Lottle Gilson, the Figures, A. Fulgers, Will E. Fox. Kara. Melville, Stetson, the Dixons, the Reeve altered family are in the

Chicago is making a movement against ticket speculators. Nearly all our theatres abolished that nuisance and swindle long ago. For years the practice of managers has been to buy space for their bills in windows and on walls, paying with admission tickets instead holders deadheads, sometimes even condemn-ing the traffic in the tickets as a swindle. The good example of abolishing lithographle advertisements altogether was lately set by Nixon & Zimmermann, who control three Philadelphia houses of the first class, and the experiment of doing all advertising in newspapers was highly successful. Henry E. Abbey has followed suit with his companies in Chicago and Boston with satisfactory results. Already things "from the Chicago Plaisance" begin to appear in the variety shows, and we may expect an overwhelming output—genuine and imitation—of Orlental dances immediately after the close of the Fair. B. F. Keith, the new manager of the Union Square, controls two tibeatres in Boston, and is building on his own account in that city a larger and finer one than it now contains. The stock companies of A. M. Palmer and Daniel Frohman were in rivalry in Boston last week, while Charles Frohman's was in Cincinnati and Augustin Daly's in London. Actors in large numbers and in all branches of the profession are signing the Aldrich pledge not to perform grantitiously in any entertainment unless one-quarter of the receipts be given to the Actors' Fund. Anyway, this is a senson for self-protection rather than carelesscharity. The stronger plays are doing well, but the smaller are faring very badly, and upper Broadway is thronged by players won have returned unpaid from travelling ventures that have falled. The utter financial irresponsibility of a majority of managers is being demonstrated pitiably: yet many who have netured to managers of theatree in minor towns are freely offering to destroy contracts for visits by second-rate companies, as they believe that only losses can be expected. They prefer to have an irresistibly attractive show once a week or two than a nightly succession of weak ones. rood example of abolishing lithographic advertisements altogether was lately set by

It's singine on the avenue,
And up the alleyways.
And all along the river front,
Or any place that pays:
Sometimes in front of mansions grand,
To please the swell and belle,
Poor old blind Paddy Dempays
And his little daughter Nell.

And his little daughter Nell.

Another song with a very taking swing to it is called "The Sunny Side of Thompson Street, Away Down Town," and is sung by a picturesque group of nimble-footed darkies, led by Johnny Wild. Between the verses the singers dance in a most captivating manner, and thus add largely to the charm of their singing. This is the first verse of the Thompson street ballad:

If you want to find de people of de colored population, De Indigo de Japanese, de black, an' de brown, De grantest place in all de State, Oh, yes, and all de Bation.

Am de sunny side of Thompson street, away down town.

OHORUM.

Now, white folks, keep on de shady side

When you're travelling around:
Don't talk lond, keep your eye on de crowd

Un de sunny aide of Thompson atreet, away down
town.

A third song has for its catch line, "They never toliall what they know," and is sung by a Hebrew politician at a political meeting in Hester street. A fourth extols the members of "Callahan's gang," who shovel coal along the river front and faintly remind us of the variety team that used to sing; "Here we are, two Lackawanna spooners." But perhaps the most popular of all is the one enlogistic of most popular of all is the one enlogistic of the segment Hickey, whose widow keeps Hickey's Hotel and is courted by McLaway.

When war obscured the nation.
And our soldiers filled the fand,
John Blackey for the Union
Took a meaker in bis hand,
the faithfully and nobly, boys,
he tollowed atrips and star,
Couragous Frish Proper,
In the ranks of the G. A. R.

The metaphors, epigrams, and jokes which brighten the text of the play are numerous and in some cases witty. It is a pity that Mr. Harrigan carnot resist the temptation to pun, for he continually indulges in that decidedly un-Irish form of humor, but in his own yein he is very good, and there is a touch of philosophy in his wit which is truly delightful. In his speech before the Hobrews in Hester street ha alludes to "this Eighthoriental district," and promises the voters that, if they elect his candidate to the bench, he will weigh the scales of justice as honorably as they, his constituents, are in the habit of weighing their fish. To young tallahan, who has been brought up in luxury and is now engaged in betting on horse races, he says: "There's no use fin college education being wasted in pool rooms," and he tells the saturning libb Sirers that his laugh never gets below his necktie. When Mr. Wild, as tool Clinks, is asked if it is possible for a

joker to get into a suchre pack without the knowledge of the players, he promptly makes answer that in the Thompson, Street Club he has seen no less than six sees in a poker deck.

A small audience listened to "Il Trovatore" at the Garden a few nights ago. The opera was given by what Director Hinrighs called on his programme "a phenomenal cast," and con-sisted chiefly of artists but little known to fame; but there was a justy tonor, and when he sang from the depths of his tower the house became as still as it was in Paris on that storied night when the Emperor, in his box of state, looked grave, and the Empress seemed to be thinking of "the old glad life in Spain." When Owen of "the old glad life in Spain." When Owen Meredith said. "Of all the operas that Verdi wrote, the best to my taste is the Trovatore," he spoke with the voice of a prophet, for today, after nearly half a century of such wear and tear as nothing earthly but an Italian opera can be subjected to, it remains the most popular opera in the world. The great composer, who forty years ago was looked upon as the musical genius of Italy, has composed many brilliant viceos of music, but the younger Lytton estimated with wooderful accuracy when he selected the prison song as his them for the poem which every schoolgirl in the land has read with a sentimental racture. Better music than this may have been written, but surely nothing that has proved more durable. Great tenors like Mario have held wast audiences enchained with the exquisite melody of their tenor notes, and the organ grinder who visits Mulberry Bend with that air in his repertory may count with surety on a fair harvest of coppers. It has even passed unscathed through the terrible ordeal of the Italian bands on the Coney Island boats, has suffered nameless indignifies at the hands of parior vocalists, and yet still has enough vitality to hold the attention of all who hear it. What one of the airs of to-day will be sung fifty years hence? Will "The Knickerbockers" be forgotten then? Will vocalists warhle "After the Bail" and "He Never Loves to Wander"? And who will prophesy as truly as Lytton did when he wrote "Aux Italiens"? Meredith said. "Of all the operas that Verdi In the week's shift of well-known plays, the

Harlem Opera House gets "L'Enfant Prodigue," the exquisitely expressive pantomime which was performed at Daly's by a company from Paris. This entertainment is a distinct and artistic poveity, being a comedy without words and not at all like the ordinary pantowords and not at all like the ordinary pantomimic show. The Grand Opera House upholds
the banner of sensationalism in Eighth avenue by means of a realistic melodrama entitled "The Midnight Alarm." The contents of
this play include thrilling cpisodes among policemen and firemen, specimens of high life
and low life, and a pervading quantity of
humor to relieve the serious thrills; so it
may be recommended as a good thing of
its class. "The Rising Generation," a
farce which The Bun praised, when it
was recently produced in Broadway, as a good
example of broad, coarse, but entirely decent
fun, is at the Columbus, with William Barry
to make a very laughable portrayal of the
Irishman, who is its princpal character. Mr.
Barry is popular deservedly. The People's
sets a drawing magnet for that part of the
town in "The Power of the Press," with its
club and hovel, its scenio realism, and its very
forcible sentiment. It is a well-tested American melodrama. "Hands Across the Sea"
goes to Jacobs's, where its illustrations of life,
love, revenge, and other engrossing things on
a war ship will be shown in the familiar fashion. Twelve little negro boys will give, between two acts of the play, an exhibition of
drill and bivouse. mimic show. The Grand Opera House upholds

The museums, from the half-dollar Eden to the dime resorts of Doris and Huber, endeavor to keep pace with the demands for amusement in their field. The new vaudeville programme at the Eden Musée started the winter season as to Delprade, Nevada, and Winfred Young, but has recruits in John W. Ransome and Lolo Yberri, a Spanish danseuse. A principal exhibit at Doris's is Matilda Constable, an automatic giantess, who walks, dances, and kicks higher than any other lady, living or mechanical, ever did before in Eighth avenue. F. B. King scissors elaborate scenes out of paper with wondrous facility. Barney Baldwin is there with his broken neck and so are other strange things, including a donkey circus and a lightnitig carteaturist. Huber's Museum displays a freshly imported curiosity in ten performing storks. The big birds come with a Barlin reputation for strange intelligence. The boxing kangaroo still appears in lively pugilism with his trainer. A variety company occupies the stage every hour. A lion and a lamb in one cage is a fresh Huber marvel. Sunday evening concerts are given at both these dime resorts. matic giantess, who walks, dances, and kicks

We are to have one more vaudeville theatre than usual this week. The Bijou offers enter-tainment by the Howard Athenæum speciallins, and in whose ranks are Severns Schaffer. case in mixor towarare freely affering to destroy contracts for visits by second-rate companies, as they believe that only losses can be expected. They prefer to have an irresisting and the property of the Christian, a baritone vocalist of note: Conros

Business has been dull of late in both German playhouses. Some of the German citi-zens who ought to attend the theatre with their wives, sweethearts, and daughters are in the habit of spending, their evenings in cafés playing pinochle and wondering why it is that the German drama does not flourish in New York. Another favorite autumnal diversion among them is the lyceum held every evening in many a café or beer saloon for the purpose of discussing the comparative expenses and income of the Irving Place and Germania. There was a meeting of this sort on Friday night in a neutral cafe in Second avenue. and it was attended by some of the most profound philosophers in the city. They assembled at 8 o'clock, opened their cases of mathematical instruments, spread their huge charts and tables of logarithms on the great round table that stands in the centre of the café, and then abandoned themselves to the work of calculating the floances of both houses. It was nearly midnight when a hoary sage descended from the roof, whither he had been sent with his sextant to verify, by taking the altitude of the moon, the results obtained by his fellow scientists. According to these wise men, the public-spirited William Nothinway pays to the owner of the Irving Place rent, taxes, and insurance to the amount of \$25,000 a year for the house, and sublets to Herr Contied for a seven months season for 15 per cent, of the gross receipts. Contied's weekly expenses, fa addition to his rent, amount to about \$2,200, while his total receipts are about \$2,200. Thus it will be seen that he manages to come within a hundred or two of making his expenses, so that he is much better off than German managers usually are. At the Germania the weekly expenses are, according to the same high authority, smaller by about \$1,000 a week than they are at the Irving Place, but the question of rent had not been decided at a lab hour that night, some of the scientists maintaining that it was \$30 a night, with a small percentage added for light and heat, while others affirmed that Manager Phillipp had to pay forty per cent. of his gross receipts for his rent, coal gas, and electric light. The receipts at the Germania are relieved t the habit of spending, their evenings in cafés playing pinochle and wondering why it is that

SURE PORMS WORTH READING. The Mermatde,

Late at even come the mormaids, Borne upon the rising side, Through the cool translucent waters, From the depths of ocean wide. Gold hair soft as trailing mosses, That incoming tides bedew, Blue eyes caim as seas in summer. Skin that steals from shells its has And the voice we hear at even, We may hear it nevermore. KATE GART RECRANDE It Menns so Much, Don't think me mercenary, pray.

Because I fain would sell this rhyme, I've this assurance, all the while, 'Twill make at least one woman smile E'en though it may be hard to guess, Unless to daily with the muse, Just why we write; some will excuse And some will call it meaningless; But Oh, it means so much to her, My golden-haired stenographer. Or WARHAN

To My Watch, For seven days thou hast had for repose A pillow sorter than the elder's down,
Far aweeter than the balmy air that blows
Acroes a told where every flower's a ross,
And fairer than those silvery rays which drown The opening day, and banish night's dark brown. Thou has reposed within a sacred dell, Between two polished lvory hillocks white; Against her pulsing heart thou rose and fell, Alas ! its secret love thou canst not tell; But O, how oft, thou measurer of time's flight, But O, how oft, thou measurer of the State of the With reverence I've kissed thy face to-night !

H. L. Cols

From the stilents Constitution.
How sings the wind in the spientid day
When the world is wild with the wealth of May "The world is thrilling with light and love:
There was nover a cloud in the heavens above;
Never a matcless and moaning dove.
Never a grave for a rose to hide,
And never a rose that died;" How sings the wind in the hopeless night When the lone, long winters are cold and white

The Songs of the Wind,

"There are rainbown back of the storms to be, Back of the storms and their mystery; But ob, for the anips that are lost at sea! And ob, for the love in the lonesome lands, Far from the clasp of the drowning hands;" So the wind singeth; its Ged decrees
The wind should sing med songs as these;
Should lang in the samight's silver waves
And toes the green on the world's sad graves.
Has why, in the night should it sing to me
Of the ships, the ships that are lost at sea?

A Summer Idyl' From Frank Lettile Weekly.

What clever words we bartered, dear,
I bending to my oars the while,
Or floating with the current clear
And mindful of your eyes and smile;
What wise, grave sinf we talked of art,
And books, and metaphysics, too;
Till, touching matters of the hears,
How conscious and confused we graw,

Yes, it was aweet. Most things are sweet
To youth and health when days are fair,
And all the world is at one's feet,
And where to choose one's only eare;
We were so sure of toy beyond
The joy we had! What need to save,
Since frandly Fair had saked no bond
For the kind largess that she gave?

Do you remember how we sat
With Russin and Saint Beave for hours,
While underneath my old felt hat
Your eyes looked blue as larkspur flowers;
And how we watched the budding stars.
Those soft white blossoms of the say,
And leaned against the pasture bars
To see the circling bats go by.

I lean across my window sill.
The city life below me hums.
Never for one brief moment still.
The shifting tide that goes and comes.
I lean and long for winds that slip.
U'er blossomed boughs and fieldsof dew. For stars that dream and oars that dip, For Ruskin, and Saint Beuve, and you! Ah, awestheart, ah:—this sigh I breathe
Dies in the smoke of my cigar,
And as its vapors outward wreathe
I'm wondering vaguely where you are;
Or if in some cool leafy place,
Intent on philosophic chat,
Tou sit and shade your mignone face
With some one cise's old feit hat.

MADELINE S. BRIDGES Caprice. From the Kanage Otty Please.

She hung the cage at the window;
"If he goes by," she said,
"He will hear my robin singing;
And when he lifts his head
I shell be sitting here to sew,
and he will how to me, I know." The robin sang a love-sweet song.
The young man raised his head; The young man raised his head;
The maiden turned away and bushed.
"I am a fool!" she said,
And went on broidering in silk
A pink-eyed rabbit, white as milk.

II. The young man lottered slowly

By the house three times that day;
Bhe took her bird from the window;
"He need not look this way." She sat at her piano long. And sighed, and played a death-sad song. But when the day was done she said:,
"I wish that he would come!
Remember, Mary, if he calls
To night, I'm not at home."

III. He took the rosebud from her hair, White, "You shall not " she said; He closed her hand within his own, And, while her tongue forbade, Her will was darkened in the sclipes Of binding love upon his lips. W. D. Howniss

The Dinkey Bird. From the Chicago Record.
In an ocean far out yonder,
As all sapleat people know,
Is the land of Wonder-Wander
Whither children love to go:
It'a their playing, romping, swinging,
That giveth joy to me,
While the linkey Bird goes singing
In the amfaluia tree! There the gumdrops grow like cherries, And taffy's thick as peas; Caramels you pick like berries When and where and how you please; Big red eurar plums are clinging To the cuiffs beside that sea Where the Dinkey Bird is singing In the amfalula tree!

So when children shout and scamper And make merry all the day, When there's naught to put a damper On the ardor of their play; When I hear their laughter ringing. Then I'm sure as sure can be That the Dinkey Bird is singing in the amfalula tree.

For the Dinkey Bird's bravuras
And staccator are so sweet,
His roulades, apprograturas
And robustos so comblete,
That the youth of every nation,
Be they near or far away.
Have especial delectation
In that gladsome roundelay,

Their eyes grow bright and brighter,
Their innes begin to crow.
Their hearts get light and lighter
And their obseks are all aglow;
Foran echo cometh bringing
The news to all and me
That the Drikey Bird is singing
In the amfaith tree! In the animatic tree:
To behold your feathered friend;
and so many scodies grow there
You would like to comprehend:
Speed, felled decame, your relaging
To that land arrow the ea:
Where the Dishey Bird is singing
In the amyolala tree;

A Spelling Bec.

From the Spectator.
You say that you can apell, sir, then be good enough to tell, sir.

How you spall me "parallel," sir, "synthesis," and "sumaphore,"

And perhaps you will try "scatatio" and "syncatigorematic,"

"Homiletio" and "hepatic," with an extra dozen more.

Can you spell "obryselephantine," "periphrastic," and
"Levantine."
Or the simple "adamantine," and the "polysyndetion?
Cap you tackle "anchylosia," can you spell "anadiptonis."
"Enthymeme," "hypotiposis?" If you can, you're
getting on. Such little words as "grieving," "gallimaufry," and
"deceiving."
Oh, there's 'eally no believing what mistakes you
sometimes see!
"Pytnostim," 'paroxysmal," "carystidea," and
"charismal,"
Words like these, it's really dismal when they're misspelt at a "bee,"

spell at a "bec."

So you'd better learn "enciltie"; can you conquer
"analytic!"

With "torentie" and "mephitic," and a "penthemeral" panae;
And there's "prestidigitation," "hemocoroal," "cacconnation."

Oh, it's quite an education telearn orthographic lawsi Some long words anatomic, have a sound that's rather And for verses palindromic would be simply most ab-auri.
There's the shorter "peroneus," and " palato-pharyn-gens."

"Sterno-cicido-martotdeus": could you'choose a sim-pler word?"
"Hydrostatic," iridescent," "aromatic," "adolescent,"
Enigmatic, "evanescent"; these are easy words,
you see:
"Mandosation," "macaronic," "percolation," "geo-ponic,"
"Annualion," antiphonic": there's a merry spell-ing bee!

"MRS. TANQUERAY" IN LONDON. Interesting Reasons Why It Did Not Fati-One of Them Was Mrs. Campbell,

LONDON, Oct. 6 .- On the evening of May 27 Arthur W. Pinero came out of the wings of the St. James's Theatre and shocked London. The effort was no easy one. Rotten Row possesses a title which is not without symbolism. The smart set in London is accus-The smart set in London is accustomed to high seasoning in life and its pleasures. The extraordinary popularity of the music halls in that metropolisis due to the fact that your swell Englishman is bored by the old-fashioned drama in which vice is dis-comfited and virtue triumphast at 11 o'clock. The Adelphi, that classic home of melodrama, is attended only by the 'Arries and their humble sweethearts, who enjoy maudlin tears over the woes of the hero and the afflictions of the hapless heroine. Nobody goes to the Shakespearean revivals except the critics, old maids, and country squires. First nights at the Lycsum are events, like the opera, at which society people must be seen. But, generally speaking, the legitimate houses in London are supported only by rural cousins who come to visit their town relatives and must be taken to some respectable entertainment. Se far as the patronage of the smart set is concerned, however, the drama might go into bankruptcy. At regular intervals Clement Scott, William Archer, and other eminent writers join in a chorus of dismay over the prevailing lack of interest in the noble art of acting. But the critics have little influence upon the tastes of their blase readers. The London swell of either sex takes enjoyment in what way he or she pleases, without regard to public opinion. Although one of the most ancient of monarchies, England possesses a completeness of social freedom allowed by no republic in the world. Everybody in London does as he pleases. Occasionally the Prince of Wales makes a royal display of his approval of Henry Irving, and the opera is attended by the Prince and Princesses on gala nights as a social and essential duty. But the heir ap-parent of England's throne is more frequently seen at the music halls and farce-comedy per-formances than in the legitimate theatres, going incog, and sitting at the back of a proscenium box, but enjoying the dancing and jokes and pretty girls as much as his neighbors in the gallery. Society takes the cue from its leader. While classical tragedy and high comedy were appealing to empty chairs last spring, the Empire and Alhambra paide allow of the girls and the music hall in London is not so vulgar as in Paris; but it is wicked enough to tempt appetites that are too jaded to enjoy Sheridan and Shakespeare.

This accounts for the sudden popularity of Oscar Wilde. Since their recent fashionable introduction the poet has been constant in his attendance at the vaudevilles and musical oila podridas which are now so popular in England. Mr. Wilde observed that the naughtiset songs and the most equivocal lokes were received with hearty laughter by his neighbors. Realizing that playgoers were tired of the old-fashioned system that condemned vice and applauded virture, he resolved on the speculation of putting music hall sentiments into evening dress, and the wisdom of his experiment was proven by the distinguished success of "Lady Windermere's Fan." Ibsen and Zola and Mr. Grein's Independent Theatre were ventures in the same direction. With the current of public taste setting strongly toward eroticism on the stage, Mr. Daly chose an imprudent time to offer innocent American humor to London playgoers. The transatiantic tour of Henry Irving was accepted by society as a vacation from dramatic virtue. At present the London stage, headed by May Yohe and other lively charmers, is devoted to an exposition of lingerie rather than of ideas.

This necessary explanation of the condition of things in England enables us to understand the feat achieved by Arthur W. Pinero. After considering the ground carefully, the author of "Sweet Lavender" arrived at the conduction of things in England enables us to understand the feat achieved by Arthur W. Pinero. After considering the ground carefully, the author of "Sweet Lavender" arrived at the conduction of things in England enables us to understand the feat achieved by Arthur W. Pinero. After con his neighbors in the gallery. Society takes the one from its leader. While classical tragedy

which was in direct contradiction of its author's previous regulation as a champion of virtue. Mr. Pinero was not wholly unprepared for this decision. "But," said he, "aithough I willy jeid to no man in proper esteem for morality, there is nothing in your argument which convinces me that Oscar Wilds has a monopoly of wickedness. The success of Lady Windarmer's Fan proves that the put is the put of the pu

lady herself.

A very considerable share of the success achieved by the piece was due to the young actress who took the title rôle. When Pinero

the production of the new drams. It was dethe owns however, engaged for another play
and could not break her contract. In this
predicament Mr. Pinere remembered a certain
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, whom he had seem in shakes peare an matinie, and who, he believed.
This active seems almost unknown in local conAfter separating amicably from her hushand, she had secured employment in
a provincial troupe, and for some rears
and provincial troupe, and for some rears
the separating amicably from her hushand, she had secured employment is
a provincial troupe, and for some rears
a played smail parts in the melodrams of a
country circuit. But Mrs. Campbell had faith
the state of London, and, one day, about a
year ago, she suddenly came to town and made
a tour among them with a proposition to give
a mailmen in aid of any charity they might
was chosen, the fashionables was witnessed by
half the lords and their laddes in London. It was
this mainties that l'inere attended. Nothing
of immediate benefit to the fortunes of the
day of the second of the second of the second of the
campbell disappointed in her hopes of a London engagement, finally returned to rural
melodram with the despairing consciousness that her career must be spent in
the humbler walks of her profession,
singled out this and the country of the second
could play the part refused by Elizabeth Robcould play the part refused by Elizabeth Robsingled out this may may be a second of the
could play the part refused by the second
found a jetter in her dressing room engagemher at 250 a week for the creation of Mrs. Thenewary. Haatily bidding her humble companions in the troop good-by the elated
woman took the scall morning express to
before dinner time. Pinero and Alexander thatructed har learnedly for an hour how the
part was to be studied. Mrs. Campbell and
found a jetter in her dressing room engagemher at 250 a we

In Which Autumn Paints Its Months in Bod

That broad meadow which constitutes the suburban end of Bronx River Park has been all summer and autumn a sort of chromatic calendar. Taking the normal green of the meadow grass for canvas, nature painted thereon her floral record of the year's progress. In this she was vastly more tasteful and scarcely less accurate than those park gardeners in Chicago, who astonish and delight crude convenient green bank the current date

figured in blossoms appropriate to the day.

The broad and noble tablet of natur calendar was recently washed to a plain green in order that she might make ready to lay on the mid-October coloring. By way of preface and introduction to this polychromatic record, she made the whole hundred acres a mingled glory of golden rod and purple asters. The splendor of her canvas, so long as it held this bewildering picture, was a daily delight to all who passed that way. Even the unwholesome Bronx was gilded and glori-

daily delight to all who passed that way. Even the unwholesome Bronx was gilded and glorified, for it mirrored, now steadily with photographic definition, in still wools, now in blurs and cloudy woo's of color where the stream ran over troubling shallows, the cheerful splendors of its banks. Even yet about the edges of the meadow linger tearful asters, but the canvas was really well cleared for nature's supreme effort as a colorist, and even the grass, fresh from late September rains, was darkened a shade, the better to bring out the coming picture.

From day to-day, for more than a week past, nature has been at work uoon her masterpices. She has edged the whole meadow with gold and crimson and russet. Wherever a beech tree was ready to her hand, and Bronz Park is rich in noble beeches, the golden russels were laid on without stint. The beach tree may be depended on to do its whole sesticated duty the year round, and at no time more surely so than in autumn. Wherever a string of sumsechs ran athwart the meadow there suddenly appeared an audacious sanguine line most vivid of hue. Every snatchike vine of poison oak, touching with treacherous embrace elm or oak or tulip poplar, redeemed its evil fame by garianding its victim with splendors of ethereal green and gold and crimson, produced nowhere else is all the splendid broidery of the meadow. Stunted barnbeans, gnarled and muscular, in seeming premature old age, took on the nearest like into a midsummer atmosphere, a single limb mayhab transformed, as by miracle, into an even mass of pure pale gold. Wherever a short, umbredia-like sour gum stood it made news to the giories of the poison oak. Here and thore a tall tulip poplar, nine feet in greatest girth, lifted its monument of scenery as if into a midsummer atmosphere, a single limb mayhab transformed, as by miracle, into an even mass of pure pale gold. Wherever a short, umbredia-like sour gum stood it made of the young hickories have stood for days like monoliths of russet gold.

Every hedge row and all the gra

Foreign Note of Real I sterest. A warning against the dangers of the barber's chair

has been raised by Dr. Blaschko of Berlin in a dis course from which quotations are made by the Bettick Medical Jon sol. The warning is given on account of the Medical Jos and. The warning is given on account of the existence in Berlin or a malady known as derinate specials tonsurain, the infection of which may be communicated by the barber's shaving brush, by the latter, the racer, the racer, the racer, the sponge, the towel, the powder puff, the comb, or the brush. After making a special study of this Rerim epidemic, Dr. Minachko takes up some of the other mandless which may be contracted in barbers, shops there, among which are herpes tonsurant, impatigo, contagions, strictorrhexis nedons, acme vario-informus, impetigionus eczyma alopecia areata, tuberculosis, and choiera. This list of maind as is long and alarming: but Dr. Minachko allogs that the man who is abaven in Berlin may contract any one of them. is aboven in Berlin may contract any one of them, either directly from the barber or indirectly from his instruments and appliances. The Berlin medicos are familiar with these maladies, which, in some cases, prove latist. The Revish Medical Journal, commenting upon the facts mentioned by Dr. Biaschko, says "it is undoubtedly true that there is danger of catching aking diseases in the barber's chair unless all his appliances and arrangements are of the cleanest kind."